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*The Onward March of Poesy.*

LITERATURE is the intellectual mirror of the ages, and through its medium is distinctly reflected the character of nations and the spirit which actuates an age. It is a necessary consequent to the course of empire, with its various vicissitudes and moulding influences upon the manners and opinions of the several nations, a garland setting forth the glory of the mind, while throughout its whole structure is interwoven delineations of character recognizable in the mental world. Nor can those principles, in a sense fundamental, and upon which are based perennial models in letters, identify the works of genius to such an extent as ever to destroy those peculiarities which must constitute its nationality. Neither, also, can these principles prevent those changes in Literature concomitant with the advancement of society in the great march of civilization.

For if mind be a known quantity the potency of education can then be questioned, and the literature of one age must needs be the ideal of the next. But history has shown us that the languages, customs, and the habits of mind which are in vogue with one generation, are altered with the advent of the next, and thus corresponding changes are discoverable in every department within the domain of literature.

This is pre-eminently true of poetry. Its component parts differ each from the other, as nations or ages differ each from the other in its refinement and in the progressiveness of its thought. The spirit which actuates poesy always must be the same in all ages and conditions of society, for man's passions have been the same for all ages, and always must be the same to the end of time, limited only as to the control placed upon them. Also the object of poesy is always the same, inasmuch as it is to call forth these passionate feelings, to add stimulus to the imagination and feed the emotions with mental concepts of beauty and strength. But, on the other hand, in the accomplishment of these ends the means employed must differ as widely as do the conditions of the society in which it exists. Fashion can dictate the garb of poetry, but its spirit and its object must always remain the same identical realities.

Hazlitt and Macaulay, it would seem, have utterly ignored the existence of this fact. By them comparisons have been instituted between the poetical effusions of a barbarous and those of an enlightened age, not at all complimentary to the latter. To them civilization would seem like the unwieldy car of Juggernaut, under whose wheels poetry was the writhing victim. In other words, the garb of poetry is mistaken for its body and soul, the shadow is treated as the substance. Let us grant their assumptions that the childishness of ignorance must give place to the matured judgments of old age, as the unreal and visionary phantoms of by-gone ages become dissipated by the sun of science. Let

us grant, also, that, as the human mind ceases to come under the influence of those phantasms which the belief in a supernatural world would tend to substantiate, a correspondingly intelligent view is entertained of this world's realities. Granting both of their assumptions, would it not require a most unworthy estimate of the poet's art to bring us, even in theory, to the conclusion that the sphere of his influence must in consequence be circumscribed? Excellence in the expression of poetical thought has not departed with the dark ages; the sun of civilization has gilded the robes of the muse of poesy with a new lustre, and the poet has been freed from the necessity of working continually within the dark domains of superstition. The conquest of knowledge over ignorance has placed within his hands, a weapon of great efficacy in the accomplishment of his purpose, and the scope of his power is unlimited. Science and philosophy, instead of being subversive of the inventive faculties, furnish food for poetic genius. The achievements of science and philosophy have made "this goodly frame, the earth, and the brave o'erhanging firmament" to abound with forms of perfection, and unless the essential ingredients or the ground-work of poetry prove to be erroneous ideas, science cannot be considered as its foe. "Truth is the great quickener and inspirer," and it is yet to be shown that beauty or power is sacrificed in the substitution of fact for fancy, or that advancement of thought is the Lotus fruit which must needs debase genius. Indeed, physical science, together with revelation, has effected an important revolution in Polite Literature; they have succeeded in bringing to light, almost daily, truths at once striking in their impressive beauty, while others hold a most intimate connection with the temporal as well as the spiritual comfort and enjoyment of mankind. In a word, they have rendered the feelings of men susceptible to vast intellectual accessions of a most exalted poetic imagery, which by their means alone have been made the materials of poetic inspiration, "for,"

says Wordsworth, "a poet is but a man speaking to men;" he can, after all, only describe what men think and experience through their feelings.

In the infancy of society, men were extremely susceptible to influences from without. They lived in a world of sense, and their characters, both mental and moral, were the direct results of circumstances and events. Mailed heroes, clothed with the dust and blood of battle, or the narrations of legendary impossibilities looming up with all the hoary respectability which alone was necessary to make them startling realities—these awakened their warmest sympathies and called forth their profoundest emotions. Social life, with its manifold relations, was wholly incomprehensible to them, and they looked upon objects and actions not as grouped and harmonious wholes, but individually as they affected their own self interests. They were the gods of that world of which actual vision was its boundary.

The poetry of this age, however, is the poetry of him who recognizes the interesting features of passing events, and who is not given to retire into himself and his own self-interests, but is engrossed with the recent and the marvelous in the world about him. *He* is the poet of action, of manners and real life. His conception of an Orestes undergoing the tortures of the Furies finds full expression in the production of a Manfred and a Hamlet, the one withstanding the awful stings of remorse only by his indomitable pride, the other overpowered under a solemn sense of responsibility, all too heavy for him to bear. How chaste are the pangs of King Lear in comparison with those of Prometheus. The attempt to call forth sublimity of character through an exhibition of physical suffering, is, in the extreme, weak and insufficient; *mental* anguish is a source to which there is no limit, and a just appreciation of this fact, as exemplified in the poetry of to-day, wherein the emotions of the mind are paramount to those of the mere body, argues no little advancement in civilization. When,

also, in addition to these facts which have been brought forward to substantiate our theory, we reflect upon those strong poetical elements presented to us of to-day, of which Christianity is the life and soul, familiar in every household, taught at the mother's knee, and offered up to Him

"Who gives its lustre to the insect's wing,  
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds,"

as an incense of praise and thanksgiving by countless numbers of inspired worshippers, we cannot but wonder how any sincere and intelligent authority should wish us to believe that the primary requisite of the true poet is—his birth in a barbarous age.

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*Collegiate Problems.*

A RECENT historical writer has observed that educational methods and aims are among the most conservative factors in society. The student lives in a world of thought and action, where the fierce pulsings of outside life seem to lose their progressive power, and where traditions are rigidly observed. The mechanic seldom works with the same tools that his master did, but the student often uses the same text books, studies the same lessons, and, in fine, is under the same *régime* that his father was. There are periods, however, when this conservatism is lost, and the educator awakes to the fact that, to maintain his power he must put himself abreast of the age and abandon all that progress has rendered effete. Such times are critical, and the changes introduced generally last for generations. It would seem that we are on the eve, if not already in the midst of such a transition period in the American college. "Proposed Collegiate Reform" furnishes the subject of

more than one essay, and our leading educators and thinkers are earnestly discussing "the culture demanded by modern life." No question is of deeper interest to the college student, and we think it can not be denied that few are better fitted to appreciate the needs and merits of college reform.

The cause of the present defects and confusion in collegiate methods are manifold, and in great part are to be traced to the fact that the American college is a growth. Its original aim was distinctively religious. Thus the motto on Harvard's seal is, "*Christo et Ecclesiæ*," and the New York synod, in founding Princeton College, founded it "to supply the Church with able and learned preachers of the Word." These founders little thought of the great national institutions which were to spring from their feeble beginnings, and, as a consequence, we find that the original college curriculum was special in its character. But the end of the college is no longer to educate preachers, but men. Its field has changed from the special to the universal, but its course has not always lost its original bias. We need not enter into particulars, but every student in the regular college course appreciates the great advantages which the curriculum still offers to certain professions, while other pursuits, such as journalism, are almost totally ignored. This abnormal development of the college has in many cases been increased by the presence of eminent professors in certain departments, thus giving undue prominence to studies which would naturally take a secondary place in a liberal education. The greatest factor which has tended to confusion, however, is the rapid widening of the bounds of knowledge within the last half century. Whole mines of truth have been opened for the first time, and every old field has been investigated with a zeal which success can alone impart. Max Müller has opened the great science of language, with all its wealth of oriental legend, and every language now has its scientific philology. History, Art and

Philosophy have also joined in this universal progress. But above all is the kingdom of Science, a region a century ago almost wholly unexplored, but now almost boundless in its known territory, and absolutely illimitable in its field of investigation.

The effect of this upon collegiate education is apparent when we consider the essential features of education. The great aim of education is intellectual power. To obtain this power the student is made to master certain branches of knowledge. For centuries the ancient classics, with a modicum of mathematics, formed the basis of mental discipline. They also comprehended almost the whole field of general knowledge. Thus, the classical student furnished not only the highest, but the only type of the cultivated classes. The increase of knowledge has changed the situation. Science has asserted its place as a means of education, and the curriculum, already crowded, has had to include these new branches. The effect of this vast increase in the number of studies has been, we believe, injurious to true culture. The best course is not that which imparts the most knowledge, but that which produces the greatest force of intellect. The student's mind is too often only dazed by the vast stores of knowledge, and he is made a master of none. He has a confused idea of astronomy, chemistry, physics, and a half dozen other sciences, together with mathematics, mental philosophy and ethics, French and German, science and religion, all mixed up with Greek roots and Latin derivatives; but, unless he is above the average student in intellectual ability and physical endurance, this miscellaneous course has not made him a master of his own intellect. He cannot produce a better train of reasoning, perceive truth more clearly, detect error more quickly, and, in a word, exhibit greater mental energy than thousands who have never had collegiate advantages. The student's mind, as Seneca long ago observed, is not so very different from his stomach—both can be overloaded with that which, taken

properly, would develop and strengthen. Mental dyspepsia is a possibility.

The question of reforming these and other defects in the College curriculum is of paramount importance. The course, as we have seen, has hitherto been almost entirely a child of circumstances. While it has many points to praise, it lacks unity and definiteness. Many plans of reform have been proposed, and some even tried, but no one has received universal approval. The problem presented is to combine the best mental discipline with the greatest amount of practical knowledge. The great fields of knowledge laid open by modern investigation cannot be ignored in an institution like the American college; nor, on the other hand, can they be fully and profitably explored in a four years' course. A selection must be made, and, as now generally conceded, the student should be allowed some choice. But, as a conservative writer in a late *Princeton Review* has well said, the average student is not capable of selecting a collegiate course for himself from a mass of studies. The more popular plan in the American college is to practically fix the course, allowing a scanty choice of electives in the last years of the course. But this, as we have seen, has involved the crowding of too many subjects into the required course. It is, of course, impossible to predict with any certainty the ultimate solution of this and other problems in collegiate education. The drift at present seems to be towards university methods. The standards of admission are gradually rising, and thus the number of college studies being reduced. Elective courses, instead of elective studies, seem in favor, and it may be that the college of the future will offer a half dozen or more fixed courses of study, each of which shall lead to a degree, as the two courses, the scientific and the academic, do at present. This would secure wisely-selected courses, do away with any traditional bias in the course, and also give a freedom in the selection to the student.



But, turning from these problems for the educator, let us notice the question they suggest to the student of to-day. We may discuss the college of the future, but it is in the college of to-day that we must study and acquire the culture which is to fit us for our life-work. Of course, we ought to master, if possible, *all* the studies of the curriculum; but many know that they cannot do this, and what is the student's duty in such a case? He has the option of mastering a few and slighting the others, or of getting a smattering of all. Every student knows those who thus specialize. They master only special departments and cram the rest, thus practically reducing the number of studies in their course. True, they may get high grades in all, but it is only in the few departments that real scholarly work is done. Is it right? Ought we to slight any of our studies for the rest? The slighted professors would answer with an indignant nay, but it is a question which every thoughtful student must answer for himself.

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*The Puritans, and Practical Liberty.*

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION, BY W. K. SHELBY, '83, KY.

AT THE rise of Puritanism in England the destinies of all Europe were approaching a crisis. Some measure of freedom had indeed been achieved for the consciences and the minds of men. But despotism in the state was lifting a mighty arm to throttle the spirit of moral and intellectual liberty: for frail as yet was the offspring of that great labor, the Reformation. The fate of society for all future time was involved in the struggle which England had the glory to begin, which caught inspiration from the cry of Wycliffe and Hooker and Hampden, which received its most powerful support from the mighty pen of Milton.

But why was it in England that monarchy should receive the first blow? Germany and Switzerland had taken the lead in emancipating the human mind; Puritanism in England differed little in creed from Protestantism on the continent: wherein lay the power which gave it to England to overturn tyranny, to consummate the Reformation, and to become the parent of constitutional liberty throughout the world?

Will you explain the fact by saying that the British nation was younger, more vigorous than the rest of Europe, and thus more capable of shaking off oppression? Will you answer me that the brilliant thinkers of the time had peculiarly enlightened the minds of Englishmen upon the everlasting rights of communities? Does the galling oppression of a tyrannous line of kings account for the grandest movement in behalf of practical liberty the world had ever seen? No; the key-note has not yet been struck. You have not yet supplied the woof for these theories. There was a deep moral power which permeated and made effective all other causes,—a power which emanated from the hearts of the Puritans, from the fundamental principles of their character. In them alone was found the spirit which no vicissitudes of fortune could turn from its course; the spirit which contained energy sufficient to carry it through revolution and anarchy; the spirit in which was vitality sufficient to sustain life until the winter of trial was over, and spring should develop it in its glory.

You all know the Puritan character. Its marks are on the surface: "he who runs may read them." You will not call them bigots; because their creed was taken directly from the word of the Most High. You will not say they were fanatics; because the ends for which they struggled were not imaginary, but real and practical. You will not pronounce them disloyal; because they were bound to truth and their God by a tie which was not to be broken for the sake of any other allegiance. If their minds were narrow,

charge it to the intellectual darkness, the shadows of which had not yet been dispelled. If they were intolerant and cold, the blame should be laid upon that cruel church whose evils were still in them by inheritance.

The faults they had find many excuses; their virtues deserve the highest praise. How shall we cease to venerate their fidelity to conscience! Elizabeth's preference for ritual could not beguile it. It could not be trenched upon by her "Ecclesiastical Court." It held out against the oppressions of Laud, and preferred hardship, poverty, exile—to submission. How shall we cease to admire their sublime fortitude! Charles could not break it down by threats, nor by persecution. It stood grandly, immovably firm, before the terrific charge of Rupert, at Marston Moor and on Naseby Field. And when, at Naseby, there went up from the invincible ranks of the Puritans the shout of victory, Charles Stuart fled in terror from the field, and the knees of every despot in Europe were loosed with dread.

Not for one generation only, not for one land was that day's battle fought. The blessings there won by Cromwell and his "Ironsides" are enjoyed by every civilized country in the world to-day. Yet when England, sick of confusion, turned once more, for a short time, to monarchy, a licentious court and a scurrilous press laughed at the eccentricities of the Puritans, and pronounced their principles a failure. "But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt." I point you to England, delivered from tyranny; to her affairs, directed with superior wisdom during the darkest portion of her history; to the great measure of political and religious liberty secured to her citizens, and enjoyed by them in increasing fullness to-day. I point you to her proud literature, influenced and leavened by the genius of Bunyan and of Milton, crowned with "Paradise Lost," its brightest jewel, and I ask you whether Puritanism did fail in the land of its birth. Or, if the qualities of the immense trunk are too broad to be

estimated with certainty, let us examine the qualities and the fruit of a branch.

At the darkest hour of its history the spirit of Puritanism turned from its native shores, and, looking aloft for guidance, sought a spot where it might work out its destiny. Fifty millions of us now turn our thoughts to Plymouth Rock, and salute with filial affection that heaven-directed little band. Our hearts are filled with gratitude when we reap in security and at peace the plenteous harvest of blessings which has sprung from the seed of their sowing. Puritan piety and perseverance colonized our land. Puritan valor asserted and made good our independence. Puritan conservatism warded off disruptions and ruin, while Puritan humanity wiped from our national escutcheon the foul curse of slavery. The strongest, surest stones in the structure of our nation were taken from that quarry at Plymouth. The most cherished of our institutions owe their prosperity, in a great degree, to the vigor infused into them by Puritanism. That spirit has followed us all the days of our national life, giving us prudence in youth, dignity and strength in manhood, restraining from evil ways, inspiring with love for justice and for perfect freedom. It has delivered the Church from all obligation to the State. It has made the priest a pastor, and religion a "reasonable service."

Such is Puritanism in America. If its success be doubtful in the Old World, its triumph is assured in the New. England's overreaching colonial policy may be a disgrace to the spirit of Cromwell's prudent reign. The cruel wrongs of Ireland may be a dishonor to the memory of Hampden, the patriot and the philanthropist. But there is a land where Puritan honesty and Puritan justice have prevailed—where the glad song of an emancipated race answers back the cry of Ireland's oppressed. And upon the bosom of every ocean I see the hopeful faces of those whose prows are turned hitherward: for America is the Ararat towards which the shattered and storm-tossed barks of all nations are drifting slowly home.

*Becky Sharp.*

THE publication of "Vanity Fair" decided the reputation of its author. Readers of current literature had looked upon "Titmarsh" as indeed an attractive magazine writer. But when, *in propria personâ*, he gave to the world his "novel without a hero," the acclamation of all readers accorded to Thackeray a high place among the English novelists. Some individuals of each satirized class felt that their follies had been exaggerated by a cynic and a misanthrope; and the conceited, over-artistic Frenchman felt chagrined that any one should attempt to smuggle off upon him, in the guise of a novel, a lesson in manners and morals. Yet the dissentient voices were not to be heard in the clamor of praise which greeted the author of "Vanity Fair." The continued and permanent popularity of the book warrants a discussion of its principal character.

Repudiating the old theory of a hero, Thackeray fills the vacancy with an additional heroine; or, more correctly, perhaps, we should say, he divides one splendidly developed heroine into two parts, by taking from Rebecca's bosom a tender, loving heart, and sending it forth, guileless and unguarded, to meet life's trials, under the name of Amelia Sedley. Upon this charitable hypothesis as to her origin rests Becky's only claim to our pity. If ever, before we were introduced to her, she possessed a heart, we can *pity* her, that a faithless biographer has suppressed the fact. But accepting the account of her life as given in "Vanity Fair," we regret to say to Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, *née* Rebecca Sharp, that we do not pity her at all—not even when she is so cruelly renounced by an enraged and over-suspicious husband; nor do we love her; nor do we hate her; nor do we feel for her in any way. We are free to acknowledge that she interests us, nay, astonishes us sometimes; but when it comes to the emotions, to the sacred affections of the heart,

we cannot lavish these upon a stone, even though it be a diamond. Thus, subjectively considered, the character of Becky Sharp is remarkable in two particulars: on the one hand, we are conscious of being fascinated by her brilliant display of cleverness without principle, good humor without sincerity, and ambition without malice; while, on the other hand, we are free from all consideration of feeling in studying the actions and the value of intellect, when unattended and unsoftened by the sympathies of the heart. Our reason is beguiled into a tear for silly, tender Amelia; our heart is never cheated of a sigh for the misfortunes of Rebecca. Really, there is no character among all our acquaintances, whether in books or in life, which we can criticise so freely. We can study her conduct and interpret her motives, without the slightest fear of doing her injustice. For there is no question of wrong in the case of one who cannot *feel* an injury. Justice has no concern with her who never exercised it.

Born of questionable parentage, and early losing her mother's care, it isn't very strange that Becky Sharp's character should have suffered in the forming. She was naturally very clever, for she inherited the brilliancy of her somewhat talented father, along with an unusual supply of unflinching self-reliance which came from her French mother. But this was not all. Her mother was not only a French woman; she was also a French *ballet* girl. What wonder, then, that Becky should have a faulty disposition. In many respects she is not responsible for it. Let us, in decency, give her a fair hearing. But she will not speak. She claims to be "a Montmorency," and not having any favor to curry with us, she maintains a haughty indifference, and doesn't care a fig for any objection we may find with her conduct or herself. Ah, Becky, that is a suspicious indifference which keeps you silent! We fear you could not make out much of a case. You might argue "that your nursery was not the best for moral training—that you had no mother to see

you settled in life; so you fell into the hands of a regular black-leg, and have had to live upon your wits ever since, which is not an improving sort of maintenance,—that your intentions have always been good, and only an unlucky mishap prevented you from establishing a ‘position’ in Vanity Fair so prominent and influential that you could have done great services for your family and friends”; but you are far too shrewd to attempt, with such arguments as these—and they are your best—to meet the fact that you kissed your own son in the presence of others, but neglected him at home—that you saw your husband march to battle in his faded uniform, and chuckled to think that you had the new one to sell in case he was killed.

Becky Sharp, coming into the world without the customary letters of credit upon those two great bankers of humanity, Heart and Conscience, made haste to establish the firmest connexion with the inferior commercial branches of Sense and Tact, who secretly do much business in the name of the head concern, and with whom “her fine frontal development” gave her unlimited credit. She saw that selfishness was a metal which would pass current, when stamped with the forged signature of Heart; that hypocrisy was the homage which vice rendered to virtue; that honesty was practiced mainly because it was the best policy, and so she used the arts of selfishness and hypocrisy as does any one else in Vanity Fair, only with this difference: that she brought them to their highest possible pitch of perfection. For why is it that, looking around among our acquaintances, we find lots of characters to compare with her up to a certain point, but none which reaches her actual standard? Why is it that, speaking of this friend or that, we say, in the tender mercies of our hearts, “She is not quite so bad as Becky?” Not only, we fear, because she has more heart and conscience, but also because she has less cleverness.

Of those fellow-feelings which make us wondrous kind Becky had none. So she looked with cold, almost diabol-

ical, eyes upon all around her. She saw some who were vicious, yet cowardly; others who were simpletons, though virtuous; and she had no patience with either, for she was as little a coward as a simpleton. When she saw women teasing the husbands they professed to love, and ruining the children they doted on, she sneered at their utter inconsistency. Wickedness or goodness, unless coupled with strength, were alike worthless to her. And here we see that her light was defective. How could she do more than act up to it? Yet Becky did have goodness, as far as good humor goes; and she had principles, too, of expediency. And she has shown us with great consistency how much or how little such goodness and such principles are worth.

Becky is perfectly happy, as far as the accomplishment of our wishes can make us happy. Her life is one continuous exercise of power; and Becky worships power. She commences by browbeating her Amazon of a teacher, and during an eventful career she rarely crosses any one who is not pressed into her service. What a clever, contriving little imp she is! Izaak Walton himself might have gained a lesson in angling from watching her adroit play for the "fat collector of Boggley Wallah." Yes, she "gently pressed fat Joseph's hand," and was otherwise weaving a net which must certainly have secured the game, but for the prompt intervention of the proprietor of Vanity Fair, who was far too prudent to allow so valuable an attraction to disappear thus early from his stage. Foiled in this, her first matrimonial scheme, she makes short work of the next opportunity, and daringly determines to mount into "good society," from the broad shoulders of her "dear, stupid," but aristocratic "old man." Ah, Becky, herein is the only respect which gives us pain; we do feel sorrow when we see your machinations and clever little schemes involving the happiness of another and more genuine child of this earth. No one can regret those being tangled in her nets whose vanity and meanness of spirit alone led them



into its meshes—such are rightly served—but we do grudge her that sacred thing called love, even when coming from such a bosom as Rawdon Crawley's—we do grudge Becky a *heart*, even though it belongs to a swindler. Poor, sinned-against, vile, degraded, but still true-hearted Rawdon, your faults are strangely finding excuses in our heart. We see you going to battle “in your faded uniform, in order that you may leave your wife better provided for;” we see you patiently carrying up Becky's coffee in the mornings, and tenderly cherishing your neglected son; we see you manfully vindicating an inconsistent but dearly prized thing you call your honor—thrashing “my Lord Steyne,” and renouncing your heartless wife when your faith in her is once overcome; and we almost begin to hate Becky for the wrong she has done to such a heart. Truly, it has been well said that “the misery of this life is not the evil, as such, that we see, but the woful loss that good sustains through contact with evil.”

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*Ben-Hur.*

“A TALE of the Christ;” that tells the object. The time, what can it be but the time of the Christ? the scene, but the land of the Christ?

Years of active life in the East have not been in vain; they have left their mark on every page. We have before us a picture of real life—life, not of the nineteenth, but of the first century. Yet we see our own friends and our own foes. The author has not wearied us by garnishing the every-day talk of his countrymen with rounded periods from Cicero. Such pedantry goes with a culture less deep. In the gossip of Jews and Romans we have the gossip of men

and women of our own day. Why not? Their feelings, their passions, were the same.

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned," exclaimed the old dramatist. When we first meet the hero, he is with a Roman—a Roman who had been his friend. Five years away from Judea have wrought a change. The boy has become a man. The two can never be friends again. Every word of the Messala is a sneer—when he would be kind, the sneer remains. He has learnt from the sophists and rhetoricians of Rome. His drawl might please them, but it cuts the Jews. "Eros has found his eyes," complacently remarks the young patrician. As the two separate we hear his shout, "Down, Eros! up Mars!" We hear it again the morning of the terrible accident, when the loving ones are torn from one another's arms; again, as the horses dash with maddening speed in the circus at Antioch; and as the son of Hur stands entrapped in the palace of Idernee, we seem to hear ringing through the Roman atrium, "Down, Eros! up, Mars!" Mars reigns supreme in the breasts of the two—two fit symbols of the Jews and Romans. The conquerors look with contempt on the conquered, and hate them because they dare resist; the conquered, with the pride of a nation in chains, fear and dread and detest their conquerors, and in their rage they threaten and vow vengeance, and in their impotence they hope for Him who shall free them from the yoke—vain hope!—and then, glorying, seem to hear the "clamor of a universal change," while "the earth opens to take Rome in;" and, still thinking they see into the dim future, they "look up and laugh and sing that she is not."

Among the characters, Judah, son of Hur, stands unique. Meeting him first, we are touched by his disappointed love and wounded pride. He came to find a friend, and found—"a Roman." On the sad morning when his dearest are torn from him, he is a man, willing to forgive if only he can help them. Sustained by a ruling passion, a mighty

purpose, three years at the galley-ore—one kills most men—have added might to strength. At length into “darkness deeper darkening every day” comes a ray of light. . . . At the Fountain of Castalia, when, after long years, his enemy is in his power, he spares him; he must learn the awful secret, and “death keeps secrets better even than a guilty Roman.” He thirsted for vengeance. Why should he not? Did not the law allow it? . . . But the master-touch is to be seen in the palace of Idernee. He has been entrapped. Love, so long denied him in a life of hardships, has been the bait. He is at the mercy of his foe. “The plot thickens, but changes hands.” Messala is now the dupe, and Ben-Hur is—free. . . . Once more we see him in a death-struggle—this time with the captain of the Roman guard. He fights, not for himself, but for his country, and for the *King who was to come!* . . . Every attempt to find his mother and “the little Tirzah” has been baffled. He now visits the palace of the Hurs; seems deep in the toils of the fair spy—from the “grave of a dead nation in a dying land.” So awhile, and then she shows herself—her purpose. A burst of passion, and then the son of Hur is free from one more to be feared than the Messala.

We have before us a novel and a history. What true novel can be else? In the oppressed Jew and oppressing Roman we see those met before. We read history. Take from history religion, and what is left? It has been objected that our author leaves the sphere of a novelist, and in a novel treats of that too hallowed for any but sacred history. We should say, rather, that he treats of sacred history, and with the skill of a novelist gives to all life, vividness, beauty. Every word and every scene gives fresh grace and glory to Him around whom all cluster. By our nearness to Him we see His love; but can we so lose our awe? His words are taken, every one, from His own Book. We read of those whom He healed, not as of strangers sitting by the way-side, begging, but those who are our friends; those

whom we have eagerly looked for and anxiously watched; and as their death-like bodies are restored to strength and beauty, we feel as though through them to us has come the healing power. So far from taking sacredness from the sacred, the work gives form and flesh and blood to the dimly conceived. To a deep and careful study of the ancients the author has added experience gained by living open-eyed among the people of the East. He has at last laid before us a novel, not half-formed and crude, but in every part finished and rounded—a story in itself fascinating, with effect heightened by the touches of a scholar.

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*Transition of Character in College.*

TO a student of psychology, perhaps the most fascinating chapter in the *Marble Fawn* is that headed "The Fawn's Transformation." It commences, rather than gives in its completeness, the story of a life current turned as by a mighty convulsion from its wonted and smooth-worn bed into a cañon whose floor is strewn with jagged rocks, and whose broken sides dash away the now turbid and hurried waters in fury and lash them into strange unquiet. Donatello's nature, which was kind and genial, and sportive, experiencing no cares and fearing no ill, and the key-note of which was constant joyousness, by a glance, an instant on the Tarpeian Rock, had been changed—given over to gloom and fitfulness and moroseness, and cursed with a legacy of intensest remorse.

Thorough as is the change pictured in Donatello, it is no stranger or more complete than that going on among us, and in us every day. While youth is particularly the period of change of character, no part of that period sees so important and complete a transformation as this time of

collegiate training; and it is to endeavor to trace out the modifications within the individual that we have drawn our knife and sharpened our quill.

The distinguishing characteristics of entering students are either an overweening self-confidence or else an extreme diffidence. Both of these are due to the same fault, over-estimation; in the one case, of their own powers and capacities as compared with others; in the other instance, of others' powers as compared with their own. Of every ten students who enter, perhaps three do not expect to lead the class. The rest think either to do that, or make first-place an untenable position for the one who chances to get it. The three spoken of see nothing, hope for nothing, but a continual drag, and make up their minds to act as rear-guard of their classes, settling down into something less than even mediocrity. The first process that acts on these crudities has been well called "disillusionment," and it begins its work speedily.

The boldly confident student somehow finds an impediment in his usually ready utterance as he attempts to recite, and the steady, critical, measuring glance of the instructor disconcerts him. Outside the class-room his eccentricities of manner and person, or, perhaps, his assumed air of wisdom or importance, are so marked and remarked upon by class-mates and others that, before the year goes by, he, perforce, begins to see in himself some other than the all-important personage he would fain believe himself. He has learned a lesson essential to success—has come to distrust himself, and has, perhaps, got an inkling of something of value existing in others. Meanwhile the modest and retiring spirit, passed over in the harsh criticism of the more noisy and shallow, quietly gathers strength and courage, and begins to loom up as a possibility of great promise.

So passes the opening year. The newly-fledged Sophomore pretends to few things other than an instinct unflin-

in its detection of a Freshman, and a just estimate of his value in college currency. To be sure, he sometimes mistakes a newly-entered Junior for a Freshman, and when proceeding to rub off the knots and gnarls, he fancies he detects in that individual's manner, he receives a cool "I guess you're mistaken, sir," which dampens his ardor for sometimes a full minute, and causes him to exclaim, "Well, why don't you *carry a cane*, then?" as if that were the genus and differentia of all above the Freshman class. Still, our Sophomore is a sanguine fellow, and with "better luck next time" as his motto, he goes earnestly to work, realizing fully, that to him, faculty and students alike look for keeping the college world in turmoil and of arousing the Freshmen to the accomplishment of deeds of daring. He still possesses a fund of knowledge practically unlimited, although it has dwindled considerably since his entrance, and he is generous in his communication of this knowledge. Given a rush, for example, and the average Sophomore will tell you more interesting incidents *quorum pars fuit*, than twelve short-hand reporters could have seen, had they been on the spot.

Still, there is a fund of jollity and a joyous recklessness to be found in him, which we cannot afford to lose. He is passing the time when cares are fewest and "lowering anticipations dimmest seen," and so, with scarcely an harassing thought, he passes into the dignity of the "Stately Junior," with disposition all the sunnier for this joyous frolicsomeness of Sophomoric fun.

Junior year is, we think, the crucial period of the college course. The boy here buds into the man, with, perhaps, a touch of superciliousness and expressed contempt for the foolish feats of Freshmen or the rollicking sport of Sophomores. The future, with its possibilities, begins to loom up, though yet but dim and dusky, and a sense of coming responsibility begins to lay its restraining influence upon him, though yet too far distant to dampen the spirits.

Earnest thinking is oftenest begun here, and to this period may often in the future, we believe, be traced the magnificent vintage that comes from meditation and profoundest thought.

In the transition from Junior to Senior year, the modification is one of degree rather than of kind. It is a broadening, an extension, leaving the individual and reaching the universal. Senior year is especially the time when the background of retrospective scenes abounds in faded ideals. The ghosts of purposes that have been born, nourished a little, and then have languished and died, hover in the distance; and from them the last, greatest lesson of college-life—that of bearing disappointment, is learned ere the dizzy world is entered. Looking back upon the hopes fostered in the past and their scanty fulfillment, the Senior learns to estimate more surely the chances of success, and, less sanguine of results than in his earlier years, he yet gains a steadiness that does him noble service, enabling him to enjoy success and meet disappointment with a like spirit, to draw encouragement from the one and determination from the other. The application of the Junior has ripened into Senioric insight, acute and penetrating. Less sportive, his enjoyment yet is keener; less enthusiastic, he is still more earnest. And so he goes out into the busy whirl of life with character, not indeed, entirely formed, but with a stability that is a sure foundation for those essentials that bring success in business or professional pursuits. He departs a man, with man's cares already resting on him; in most cases with a man's spirit and determination necessary to support and endure the burden of those cares, and in instances not a few, he supports not only his own, but lightens the burdens of those around him, and rejoices in the assurance that "Men have not robbed him of his birthright, *WORK*."

*The Romance of Canadian History.*

THE tendency of American authors to revert to the romantic features of our history is a characteristic which becomes more noticeable as successive decades add the glamour of age to the traditions of our national life. Painstaking historians have preserved for us the legends of bygone days, and the picturesque incidents of colonial times have been reproduced on the pages of more than one novelist and poet. We find a different state of affairs when we turn to Canadian history, and the inquirer will remark a strange dearth of literature relating in any way to the early history of this section. It is true the French missionaries left journals, in which the main facts of the period are recorded; but these chronicles are chiefly valuable to the historical investigator, and possess but little merit in themselves. And yet what a field is there here for the poet and the novelist. What a wealth of romantic incident and noble achievement is associated with the rise and fall of French power in North America. There is no part of our history so romantic as that which deals with the struggles of the early French explorers. None more thrilling than that which depicts the vicissitudes of men—fresh from the luxuries of Europe—who with steadfast purpose set up the cross of Rome and the lilies of France in the depths of our northern wilderness.

May we not entertain the hope that some day an American "Waverly" will appear, who, recognizing the dramatic and picturesque possibilities of this phase of our history—delving deep into this mine of unexplored riches—will eventually present the public with a historical romance of positive value and sustained interest? In the meantime, those who wish to read the history of French exploration and dominion in America must turn to a series of histories by Francis Parkman, called "France and England in North



America." In these volumes he has portrayed, with rare intelligence and enthusiasm, the trials of the colonists and the heroic devotion of the Jesuit missionaries. The contest of English and French civilization for supremacy on this continent acquires in his hands a fascinating interest for us, and we find ourselves following, with renewed interest, the careers of the remarkable characters whom he brings before us in his works. Referring to the feelings of French Canadians towards Mr. Parkman, Mr. Howells says they must cherish a warm regard for "the historian who has revived with a master's touch the glories of their past, a *d* in literature has perpetuated in its heroic aspect and proportion a national existence forever interrupted by the victory of Wolf." It will repay us to recall a few romantic characters and incidents of this period.

The first account of this region is furnished by Jacques Cartier, and we can date its permanent settlement from the founding of Quebec, in 1608. The most active agent in effecting this settlement was Samuel de Champlain, who was for many years the leading spirit in the colony. It is not often that we come across a more romantic character than Champlain, and he may well be taken as a typical representative of the French explorer and colonist in Canada. "Of the pioneers of the North American forests, his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau, at Paris, in the cabinets of princes and of royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the court, then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations and battles, more hardy, patient, bold than they—such, for successive years, were the alterations of this man's life." Joliet and Marquette are the names of two flourishing western towns; yet it is apparent that few persons recognize the peculiar fitness of these appellations. If they cared to investigate the subject, they would find that Father Mar-

quette and his companion Joliét were famous explorers, and added greatly to the geographical knowledge of their day. The narrative of their exploration of the Wisconsin river and subsequent journeys through the wilderness is full of interest, and tells in simple language of countless dangers encountered, and of desperate struggles against the opposition of man and nature.

Among the heroes of fiction there are few whose lives were more eventful than that of La Salle, the explorer of the Mississippi river. His life was full of struggles and disappointments. In the dark shadow of repeated failure, which characterized his career, there stands out one picture which must have yielded him a full measure of gratification—this was the Thanksgiving service which he and his companions celebrated at the mouth of the great river which he was the first to navigate. A mysterious interest envelopes his character which a tragic death does not wholly account for. Unsuccessful in his commercial ventures, it was only his indomitable perseverance that enabled him to overcome misfortune and to carry out his many schemes of exploration and settlement. Assassination at the hands of one of his men, was the sad end which befel this heroic Frenchman.

The old town of Port Royal is associated with the fortunes of a Huguenot nobleman—the Chevalier de La Tour. Madame La Tour is better known to us than her husband, and seems to have been the most historic figure of the two. The historian, Charlevoix, tells us how, during her husband's absence, she most successfully defended the fort of St. John against the Chevalier de Charnisé, who was her husband's rival in the fur business, and a Catholic besides. The unscrupulous nobleman, unwilling to be baffled by a woman, attacked the fort a second time, and, on Easter morning, obtained possession of it through the treachery of one of the garrison. We are told that Madame La Tour, unable to bear the shock of this horror, did not long survive her defeat. The historian of these feuds goes on to

say, that, in course of time, the Chevalier de Charnisé died, and, after all these years of warfare, the domains of the two noblemen were united by the marriage of La Tour to the widow of his old enemy. Many such incidents could be cited to illustrate the picturesque side of Canadian history, and, in fact, each province is alike in furnishing its share of material of this kind. The removal of the French Acadians, as we all know, furnished Longfellow with the theme for "Evangeline," and his poetic instinct served him in good stead when he selected the most beautiful section of Nova Scotia as a background for his poem. It would be gratifying to our ideas of poetical fitness if we found the Canadians still kept alive the romantic stories of their history; but, taking "Evangeline" as an example, we think it would be hard to find a village where—

"Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While, from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and, in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest."

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## Voices.

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THE study of the classics has always been an important one to Princeton. The opinion of the faculty with reference to the standing of Greek and Latin in a college curriculum is evident from the extensive requirements in these languages during Freshman and Sophomore years, and large elective classes, from year to year, have proved that the literatures of Greece and Rome are not losing their attractions for the students.

In a department so popular, and recognized as so necessary to all liberal culture, the very best facilities should be

afforded for attaining to a perfect appreciation of the literatures taught therein. To appreciate the literature of a language we must be masters of that language, and no one can make any claim to such mastery who is not perfectly familiar with the construction of its sentences, its styles of expression, and its synonymy. This familiarity with a tongue cannot be acquired by reading and grammatical study alone, but is the result of careful training and practice in writing. Add to this the fact that many of our students propose to teach these branches in after life, and the necessity for such training becomes still more apparent.

In recognition of these facts, both Latin and Greek composition have long been among the requirements for the Classical Fellowship, one of our highest honors. Yet, instruction in these studies is given but for a limited time, and to the two lower classes only. Would it not be well for us, and a mere matter of justice to competitors for the "Classical," and those who intend to teach, to have thorough courses of instruction in advanced Latin and Greek prose composition, open to the Junior and Senior classes, either in connection with the electives in Latin and Greek, as they now stand, as a new elective, or as optionals?

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PERSONAL journalism is on the increase. Ten years ago the idea was scouted; now it is an active principle in all our leading periodicals. LIT. editors seem to have passed this by as an impossibility. Custom in the field of college journalism is against it. Yet the first thing now scanned in *Harpers'* and *The Century* is the list of contributors. As the names of some contributors are omitted in every number of *Harpers'*, so the LIT. could mention no names in the case of hints to the authorities, Voices, and like articles.

To say that the author would dislike recognition is a statement that would apply to but few. Publicity would only cause men to hesitate to hand in poor articles. Nor would it produce conceit in those too ready to contribute; for criticism, as well as congratulation, would be public. It may be objected that some articles would be read on account of the reputation of the authors, and others discarded altogether; that there would be a recognition of fame rather than merit. It is better that the essay should be read for the sake of the author than not at all. The knowledge of the author would be but an additional incentive to perusal. The censure or commendation of the public will only be the more keenly felt, or give the greater satisfaction.

Mark the benefits that would result: Curiosity would cause expectation. The table of contents would be read with avidity, and a hunt ensue for the production of some friend. One of the greatest attractions to chapel stage has been the desire to witness the effort of a particular friend. Many an essay of moderate ability, now skipped as intolerable, would receive favorable attention from the friends of the author. Many would work for the honor who would scarcely write for practice, or desire a place on the board. The reward would stimulate exertion, and the publicity ensure a marked improvement in the character of the articles.

Personal journalism is in accordance with the spirit of the times, and would it not be well for the LIT. to adopt it?

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THE most prominent trait in the character of Amelia Sedley is unselfishness. In the history of Henry Esmond, Esq., another person is brought graphically before us by Thackeray, in Beatrix, who is in decided contrast with

Amelia Sedley. Unlike the latter in almost every respect, frivolous, unboundedly ambitious, a very type of selfishness, she moves among her contemporaries, a marvel of beauty, but withal a bearer of pain and unhappiness to almost every one with whom she comes in contact. The mythological saying that "beauty rides on a lion" is fully exemplified in this character. The beauty of Beatrix wins for her the admiration of every one, and even the noble hero of the volume is not proof against her charms. Her power is great, and her knowledge of its use equally so. In all else she is ignoble. Not weak, for in many places she shows ability to rise to an emergency, and displays a power of will which is extraordinary. But her desires and tastes cannot be lifted above a certain level, and that a low one. She is sensible enough to perceive this, and sufficiently frank to confess the same to her cousin. Nature has bestowed upon her a certain character, which she complacently accepts.

Another trait which strikes us as being remarkable is her inability to love even her truest friends. Throughout the whole work there is not a single instance of her giving away to any impulsive outburst of affection. The kindest regard for her can evoke no deep-seated feeling of the same kind in return. Her ever patient and loving mother is no exception. If Amelia Sedley were represented to have been a homely woman, the two would be exactly opposite. Such an end as that of Beatrix well follows such a career. She sought the pleasures of this life, and would brook none of its reverses. We leave her unwept, dishonored. She could find no peace, who could not witness the "triumph of principles."

THE SENIORS are without a history elective. Thus far they have learnt but little of ancient, and absolutely nothing of modern history. The Halls furnish no training in this department; for men are not likely to choose historical questions for debate or essay unless the curriculum has directed their attention and studies to such subjects. There is no near prospect of an elective course, and the members of the present Senior class must do something for themselves, unless they prefer to become Princeton graduates with but the vaguest idea of the history of modern nations. Individual reading, of course, accomplishes much, but is most efficient when it supplements class work. For then is it necessarily rendered systematic and constant.

This brings us to the object of this voice. Several small classes (or reading clubs), in English, French, American or universal history could easily be formed and successfully carried on by some of the more industrious of the class. An instructor is not a necessity. Such advances have been made during the past three or four years in the excellence, number and variety of historical text books, that half a dozen students can intelligently pursue almost any course of history with the aid of one of these concise guide books. "The Manual of Historical Literature," by C. K. Adams, lately published by Harper, is easily ranked first among this class of books. No volume is more worthy of a place on a library shelf. It is as necessary to the student as a business directory to the merchant; for it tells him where he may get his material, and what authors will furnish him with what he wants in the best shape. With this book, supplemented with some smaller reference work or historical primer upon the special course to be pursued, the class is well equipped for work, and whatever else is needed the college libraries afford.

Such a class can succeed if its members be select; its number limited; if the course is carefully laid out at the start; and if the members spend an hour or more in prep-

aration, and two hours together once a week. Experience has shown that when the class meets it is advantageous to have a leader chosen for each meeting, who summarizes the subject of the evening by reading selections from several authors, giving both sides, and filling out the intervals between his selections with extempore remarks aided by a few notes. This part of the evening's work need not take over an hour, and the rest of the evening can be most profitably utilized by an informal talk or discussion, each lending the facts and truths he has gleaned to his fellow-laborers.

The advantages derived from such a course, if earnestly undertaken, are certainly comparable to those obtained from a course of lectures delivered to a listless class once a week.

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## Editorials.

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THE founder of the Baird Prizes, for excellence in the rhetorical exercises of Senior year, has generously increased the amount of his endowments to six thousand dollars. Thus, instead of four prizes, we are to have six; three for oratory, two for disputation, and one for poetry.

A very wise change will probably be made by the Faculty in the method of awarding these prizes. The protracted contest of last year, to a great extent, prevented an accurate comparison of the performances. It is impossible for judges to attend chapel stage during a period of several months, and yet retain data sufficient to render a close decision. Moreover, there is likely to be some variation of standards in judges' minds. Not unfrequently in the history of our oratorical contests the slightest shades of difference have been considered in giving the precedence. Unless every facility is had a decision in such a case is little better than guess work.



To avoid this, and in behalf of entire fairness, it is urged that the Baird Prizes should be competed for in a set contest, to which those men only shall be eligible who fulfill requirements to be determined upon by the Faculty. Such a plan is in process of arrangement, and eligibility will be based upon proficiency in the English course. Practically, we shall have a Senior contest in oratory corresponding to the one of Junior year, a preliminary Lynde debate, and a competition in poetry. But since the J. O. and Lynde men will nearly always secure the Baird Prizes too, it is claimed that very little injustice will be done to the main body of the class who do not prove eligible.

The establishment of these incentives to higher excellence in rhetorical composition is very fortunate for Princeton, and puts us, in this respect, equal, if not superior to any other college in the country. Since the coming of Professor Raymond, our improvement in elocution has increased the interest in it, both within and without. So much so that his friend, Mr. Baird, although a trustee of Lafayette College, has made Princeton the object of his liberality.

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THE relation of the alumni to the college is a question of no little significance. Indeed, it may almost be said to be the greatest secret of an institution's success. It is more than endowments and vast buildings, for these are limited in their influence; but the alumni, scattered everywhere, as they certainly will be, exercise a far wider and deeper influence. Wesleyan University struggled for years in poverty, and against great adversities. With a half dozen or more old and prosperous institutions within a few miles, it seemed for a long time as if it would be completely overshadowed, but it raised up a body of active and enthusiastic alumni, and now, after fifty years, it seems destined, in the near future, to rank with the best of collegiate institu-

tions. If we study the history of Harvard and Yale, it will be found that they owe much of their success to the active regard which their alumni ever retain for their intellectual mothers. Princeton also owes not a little of her past success to the strong support of her sons. Coming as they have from every part of the land, they have not only aided their Alma Mater by timely help in money, but, what is more important, they have upheld the Princeton sentiment, and thus turned many new students to our classical halls.

If it had not been for our alumni, we would never have regained a tithe of the students from the South, after the war, which we now have. While the college has thus profited so much from the influence of its alumni, we are far from the opinion that more cannot be done to bind the alumni even closer to their Alma Mater. The recent action of one of our western alumni associations suggests a means: A resolution was adopted and sent to the trustees requesting a representation of the alumni in that body. The plan was, as we remember it, to allow the alumni to elect from their own number four or five of the twenty-five trustees. If we mistake not, this plan has already been urged in the *LIT.*, and we hope this alumni action will receive favorable consideration by "the authorities that be." Giving the alumni a representation would awaken a renewed interest in their Alma Mater, and certainly no better trustees could be found than those who were once students themselves. Other plans of interesting the alumni in Princeton might be suggested, but this one is of prime importance.

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THE announcement that President Eliot, of Harvard, has initiated a movement looking toward the limiting of athletics, cannot but be regarded with profound interest by students. The exact import of the movement is not evident, but if it is meant to suppress our present system of

inter-collegiate games, the question is of double interest. We can hardly think any such plan is proposed, but rather that it is intended to reduce the number of inter-collegiate games to a minimum, and consider expedients to prevent students from making studies a secondary consideration. We hardly think any one will question the wisdom of such regulations as would prevent athletics from monopolizing the student's attention. The best friends of athletic interests (and the *LIT.* hopes to be considered among such) must ever look with great anxiety upon such an overgrowth of athletics as shall prevent the best students from engaging in them. When such a state of affairs is reached, it will certainly be detrimental to college athletics. It will afford those radical persons who oppose every kind of athletics an undue advantage, which, we may be sure, they will not be slow to seize upon. In view of this liability of athletic interest to be injured by the excesses of thoughtless managers, we can see no reason why every true friend of college sports should not endorse any sensible regulations. But if, on the other hand, it is meant to abolish all inter-collegiate games as out of place, and, in fine, to rule everything on the principle that exercise for health is the only aim of athletics, the movement is to be opposed, as based on a wrong idea. True, health and physical development do enter largely into athletics, but there are other benefits. Nothing so promotes college feeling and patriotism, and the life training which the players get is invaluable. The man who learns to keep steady nerves under the excitement of a Yale or Harvard game has learned a lesson which will be more useful in after life than many a page of Greek and Latin. For our part, we rejoice that our college course has fallen in these later days, when sports have come in as a factor in college life. Books and lectures cannot furnish the whole training which college is expected to give. Knowing, however, the liability to excess, we could not oppose any rational regulations. The matter is a delicate one to handle, and we would say, "Weigh well before acting."

THE new treaty between the Halls, and the entrance of a large class into the privileges of Princeton institutions, warrant some discussion of Hall subjects. For neither the frequent recurrence of the theme in our college periodicals, nor the constant testimony of our venerable Greek buildings, shall deter the *LIT.* from advocating, on every proper occasion, the virtues and the advantages of our Literary Societies.

The new treaty differs materially from the one which formerly existed. By the present agreement, the Halls postpone the admission of new members to their privileges until after the fourth Friday of the first term. The desire, on the part of the Halls, respectively, to secure the best members of the entering class, made it all but impossible to observe strictly the old treaty. Furthermore, the inclination of new students to enter the Societies at all was becoming less active for want of the advice of old members. The new compact sanctions the use of this stimulus, while it indicates a determination, both in Clio and in Whig, to bestow their invitations judiciously upon new men. By common consent, the proportion of drones to workers is too great. The majority of a class, mainly desirable for class election purposes, is coming to be esteemed in both Halls as of less importance than that those who enjoy their advantages shall be marked by a spirit of loyalty and activity.

This healthy attitude of the Societies is significant to those who have just entered college. It signifies an intention to offer Hall privileges only to those who give promise either of doing some good to the Halls or of deriving some benefit from them. A purpose to attain both these ends should actuate every one who comes to college to improve the advantages offered him.

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THE article in our last number on "Princeton and Literary Culture," has received considerable attention. We have heard many approvals of the proposition to devote

more time to literary culture. A letter before us seems to embody the sentiments of many of our readers. It is from a Princeton alumnus of '72, now a successful metropolitan minister of the Gospel. He says: "The article touching upon the neglect of this branch of education (literature) I have read with interest. The fact that there is such a profession as that of literature, it seems to me, renders it incumbent upon our educational institutions to introduce into their curriculum certain courses of instruction that shall look especially to the preparation for a literary life. The education of society at large is now in a great measure through the production of our men of literary activity, not through schools or institutions of learning. For the sake of a pure literature, therefore,—for the sake of a Princeton literature—I trust there may be such steps taken as the article alluded to recommends."

The above quotation, taken from a private letter to one of the editors, serves to show the wide-spread interest felt in the question. The article alluded to of course expresses the opinion of its author, but there is much in it that receives the unqualified indorsement of the *LIT.* We always greet with the heartiest approval any change tending to facilitate literary training. Thus the plan of devoting two hours to English literature instead of one, during Senior year, is a step in advance, if it is to replace an hour in some non-literary subject. We cannot, however, agree with any plan that strikes out history. That is a branch of study too wide in its applications, and too important in its literary aspects to be slighted. Why is science and religion retained instead? The latter study is of far less importance in general culture, and surely, with our present admirable Senior courses in moral science and in Bible, it cannot be claimed that we are engrossed in secular studies. Let us have more incentives to literary activity, and let everything detrimental to our literary studies be removed. More prizes like the Baird prizes, greater inducements to essay

writing, and distinct and thorough courses in literature, are great needs. It is a shameful fact that a large number of students leave college without the ability and literary taste to write an article which a country editor would pass without correction.

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THE disappearance of Hall oration from the list of commencement week exercises was no surprise to those who have attended the meeting for a number of years past. To invite a gentleman from a distance, to give an address before the societies, at the expense of much time and often of inconvenience, without any pecuniary reward, and then to furnish the scanty audience of a hundred and fifty, was disgraceful. The trustees were about to take the matter in hand, and had it understood that it must either be made a success or be abolished. The latter plan was chosen last year. The disappearance of this old-timed custom is a matter of regret to many of the alumni. It used to be one of the chief features of commencement week, and attended, as we understand, with great interest. It was the only one of the public exercises in which the alumnus felt that he had a part, and it is this feature which causes us to regret its decline. We would like to see it revived in its old glory, or, what might be better, an alumni oration established, so as not to ignore that element at commencement.

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## Olla-Podrida.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

GONE—The B. B. C. and Child's Cup.

COMING—The F. B. C.

JUNE 7TH.—Finals, commenced.

JUNE 9TH.—Boat race on the Harlem River: Wesleyan first, Princeton and Atalantas tie for second.....Harvard beat Amherst, base ball, by 10—0.

JUNE 10TH.—Handicap games for benefit of the Athletic Association. Best record made was Wilson's—440 yards in 52½ seconds.

JUNE 16TH.—First Annual Exhibit of the Princeton Sketch Club. Quite a success.....End of examinations for the year.

JUNE 17TH.—Loafing day. .... University vs. Jaspers, at base ball. Score—University, 11; Jaspers, 6.....Caledonian games.....Concert by Glee Club in the evening, in the Gym.

JUNE 18TH.—Opening and dedication of the new Marquand Chapel. Baccalaureate sermon by the President.

JUNE 19TH.—'82's class-day. J. O. contest in the evening.

JUNE 20TH.—Base ball: University vs. Stock Exchange. Score—University, 9; Stock Exchange, 4.....Lynde debate in the evening, followed by Soph. reception.

JUNE 21ST.—135th Annual Commencement. Awarding of dips. and degrees.

JUNE 23D.—Boat race at Philadelphia for Childs' Cup.

JUNE 24TH.—Second Yale game at Polo Grounds: University, 8; Yale, 7.

JUNE 28TH.—Tie for B. B. C. played off. Yale wins.

Our crew was the lightest one at the Lake George regatta. Pennsylvania came next.

The most noted exchange on record was effected by Hewitt, '83, of the Scientific Expedition. He traded a nickel-plated match-box, and received in return a brass ring and a young squaw.

Berkeley College, Cal., opens the first week in August. Just think of it.

Amherst has the largest scholarship fund of any college in the United States. Its library is to receive \$500,000 from the estate of a Boston lawyer who was a member of the class of '25.—*Ex.*

Amherst is raising a fund of \$50,000 for a new gymnasium. A large part of it has been secured during the last few months.—*Ex.*

Among the exchanges we have received is the Kansas City *Price Current and Live Stock Record*. *Cui Bono?*

Tompkins is captain of the Yale Foot Ball Team, which sustains the loss of four of its old members. They claim, however, to have just as good men to put on.

Professor of Physics: "What is Boyle's Law?" Diligent Junior: "Never trump your partner's ace."—*Ex.*

Glee Club trip West again next Spring, possibly. Keen scheme: More men in chapel choir; anthems twice a month. Faculty pleased, chapel more interesting.

Again has the "Muse of the Museum" broken out. It's on the Andre monument this time. We quote a few verses. Curiously enough the poem was published, and, as the author tells us, "three days after, the monument was blown down."

"A man of New York City  
Has raised a monument of shame,  
In memory of a British spy—  
One Andre by name.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our flag he's lowered to the ground,  
The ship of State she keels;  
Old England's slimy serpent  
Is lying in our fields."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then the peroration, grand and majestic—

"Awake! ye sons of Freedom,  
Can that monument remain,  
A mock to our posterity,  
For England's selfish gain?"

Scene—Recitation in Mechanics. Prof.: "Now, Mr. G., what was the first phenomenon noted in connection with the force of gravity?" (Mr. G. hesitates. B. prompts G.) "Adam fell."—*Ex.*

Contestants for fellowships and prizes in '83 are about as follows; Mental—Murdoch and Hoskins; Experimental—Carman, Perrine, Ward; Classical—Mitchell; Mod. Lang.—Parmly, Towle; Historical—E. Landis, and possibly Hicks; Math.—H. Landis.

The Class of 1859 Prize (Eng. Lit.)—Paden, Shelby, Gilmore, and perhaps Davis.



"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."—*Ex.*

Prof. M. to Mr. A., who is trying to get an absence mark off: "No, no, Mr. A., you came in seven minutes before the hour was up. I guess we'll let that stand." Mr. A.: "There's seven more minutes lost, confound it!" Prof. M. completely dumbfounded.

'81.—Robbins, teaching at Baltimore. Coyle, teaching at Newark. Armstrong, Frost, Wills and Harlan, at the Seminary. Kimball, Fellow of Johns Hopkins.

'82.—Wheeler, studying law in New York. Hibben, studying in Germany. Green, at the Seminary. "Dock" Warfield, in Magdalen College, Oxford, England. The Scudders, at Trinity Theolog. School, Hartford, Conn. "Judge" Taylor, at U. P. Medical School, Phila.; also, Shoher and Rowe. The Hallocks, at the Seminary, after a walk of 420 miles, occupying a month. "Trotter" Woods, studying in Alleghany Theological Seminary. C. B. M. Harris, Modern Lang. Fellow, assisting Prof. Kargé.

'83.—Harlan, B. B. captain. Shanklin, leader of Glee Club. Hewitt, engaged (?) to his Indian mash. Rieman, spent a month of vacation in the Blue Grass. Perrine, indulged in a 300-mile tramp this Summer. Vulcheff, started a society on the sea shore this Summer for "social, moral and intellectual improvement."

'84.—Finley, studying medicine at home. Fox, left College. Weyer, gone to Germany. Winton, gone into business.

Fellows are now assigned seats in the Marquand Chapel. Hard luck!

"At rest beneath this church-yard stone  
Lies stingy Jemmy Wyatt;  
He died one morning, just at ten,  
And saved a dinner by it."—*Ex.*

Dartmouth voted to push the protest in their games with us on account of the list of umpires being six hours late. Looks as though she was going to try and get a game off us by hook or by crook.

New sets of printed notes are being prepared or are already out in the following subjects: Geology, Psychology, Social Science, English Lit. of Senior year, and History of Philosophy, and valuable aids are out in the required Chemistry.

A member of the Freshman crew said that he liked rowing better than any other branch of athletics, because he could sit down to it.—*Ex.*

The sovereign remedy for disorder in the class-room is now believed to be to divide the class.

Together they sat in the parlor alone,  
At the dusk of a Sabbath day;  
Her shapely head close to his own  
In a tender, loving way.

"I like to lay my head, dear Will,  
'Gainst yours," she murmured low,  
In tones which made their pulses thrill,  
And his face with rapture glow.

"And is it because you love me, dear?"  
He asked, and then she coughed;  
"No! dear Will, not that, but, love,  
Because it's nice and soft."—*Ex.*

Barnes, the Kentucky revivalist, is a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and was a missionary in India for some years, under the American Board of Missions.

A peal of five bells, given Yale College by Mr. Robins Battell and sister, will be hung in Battell Chapel in a few days. The peal is founded on the major triad of G, and comes from Belgium. The heaviest bell weighs 1,475 pounds, and is nearly forty-one inches in diameter.—*N. Y. Sun.*

We reprint the following as something unique:

#### A LITTLE PEACH.

A little peach in an orchard grew—  
A little peach of emerald hue;  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,  
It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through,  
That little peach dawned on the view  
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—  
Them two.

Up at the peach a club they threw;  
Down from the stem on which it grew  
Fell the little peach of emerald hue.  
Mon Dieu!

She took a bite and John a chew,  
And then the trouble began to brew—  
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.  
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew  
They planted John and his sister Sue,  
And their little souls to the angels flew.  
Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?  
Ah! well; its mission on earth is through.  
Adieu!

—*St. Louis Republican.*

Here is one of the *N. Y. Herald's* get-off: "Dr. McCosh believes in a just mixture of Plato and Bacon. The plate o' bacon theory has always been popular with Jersey philosophers."

We shall be pleased to have some one call and explain the following, from the *Yale News*. Some one said he could not Seymour point to it than to the usual *News* joke: "Princeton talks of sending a crew over to pull against Admiral Seymour."

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## College Gossip.

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Don't read the gossip. Hand-bills headed in this style have frequently brought many victims home to Mr. Bossquack. So the gossip banks on the curiosity which brought Billy into the bees' nest, and equivocally warns the gentle reader to desist, hoping in his heart that his valuable opinions may not be read for the last time in the proof. But now he has given the whole scheme away, the spell is spoilt! And now, to escape a general G. B., he must pitch right in and tell you something.

By the way,—ah!—have you heard about the rejuvenation of the Yale Seniors? Funny, too, that anything soever "under the wide expanse" should be sufficient to the task of exciting in a philosophic Senior of *Yale* the delightful interest of a first year man. But, verily, he returns from the summer's joys to find his retrospective dreams sweetly tapered into waking under the influence of the Battell chimes. How charming! The *News* catches the spirit of the hour, and gives to its readers some "interesting" facts obtained from the private agent of this liberal lover of song.

The weight and diameter are set forth to a nicety, and the whole account brought to a beautiful and grand climax in "harpeggio," four—five—four—three—two—three." All wonder; all admire; and the ingenuous interest of old Yale reveals a rejuvenating power in her acoustic blessings. So entrancing is the spell that few find inclination to go out and practice the University foot ball team. Why, they yell again and over again for more soup for the University. By Thanksgiving they'll be awfully ravenous and excited, while we will have down the new rules by heart. Our knowledge of them shall come up to Yale's expectation. What we can get from the proof-sheets is a clear lead. We'll keep it, too.

But, say, wouldn't it be more in the proper order of things to drop on foot ball, leave balmy November to bring its annual *tête-à-tête* at the Polo Grounds, and propose three hearty ones for lacrosse? "The coming college game" flourisheth everywhere. Nothing like it. The Sophs. from New Haven generalized the fever at Yale by tying the University of N. Y. team, and now they want to put up a Y. U. L. team to wade in for the Inter-collegiate pennants. Yes, yes; come in Yale, and we'll all celebrate the grandeur of red-skin institutions with a whoop-la.

Justly exultant over the victories of the summer, the crew of the University of Pa. is to be pushed forward into races with as much steadiness as they are expected to pull out of them afterwards. Everything is redolent of what they have done, what they are doing, and what, in their own minds, they undoubtedly expect to do. They need a new gymnasium for the crew, and six thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the past season, together with as much more as the crew may require for as many races as they can get into before water begins to turn ice. We most heartily commend the University's oarsmen in following up a good thing, and we wish them all success up to the time when we shall row them ourselves in the spring.

In connection with boating, we are reminded that Columbia was not visible on the Schuylkill on Friday, the 23d of June, at 6 P.M. But, Columbia, as brave at boating as you are a success on the foot-ball field, we will reserve our comments till, happy-dog-with-a-long-vacation, you return to college, and we shall see how you "crawl out of it."

Union College has resumed exercises and a big fight. The N. Y. press has much to say about the latter, but comes to the conclusion that President Potter and his mutineering Faculty will, in the end, be of great injury to the status of the college. It is in doubt whether President Potter's "gaul" will bring him through all right or not. The President has actually been "fired out" by the Trustees, though they have couched that action in the polite phrase of requesting a resignation; and yet he is still on hand, welcoming the students back, hardly to study, but rather to amuse themselves as they see fit while their teachers are otherwise occupied in looking over the cash accounts of their much-revered and honored President.

Amherst is engaged in a series of class matches in base ball. When these are over her attention will be directed to the formation of a foot ball team. A challenge has been received from Harvard, and if enough material can be found in the college it will be accepted. The conduct of the unfortunate, but business-like member of last year's nine, who refused to play the Yale game without pay, is not approved by the College, and the *Student* has given it out that no man need try any

Jew-pawnbroker monkey-business up among the Berkshire Hills. The students, it seems, have for the second time been offered what is called a House of Representatives, but fearing some keen scheme of the Faculty, they refuse the honor unless they are informed as to its nature and powers. They are at present rejoicing up there over the election of a Professor who had the good fortune to graduate at some other place than Amherst. As it seems to be a new idea to Amherst to have anybody but an alumnus chosen to the Faculty, they may well hail the departure from a custom which, appearing to be one of "natural selection," is in reality prejudicial to vigorous growth.

Princeton's summer holiday has passed into a pleasant memory much too soon for the good of the gossip. He was in his element three weeks ago, chatting with his straw hat—and another person. Now, alas! one of these holiday friends is consigned to the high peg. and the other—oh, his powers of speech are of little use.

Why all the colleges didn't begin earlier, in view of a September LIT. is "one of them things no feller can't find out." Harvard's place in history will suffer from lack of contemporary mention. Among her topics the last discussed were chapel service and newspaper consolidation. The *Advocate* suggested that the dailies be united. What may come of the proposition cannot be learned; but a tip-top paper might be made, which would squash the old foggy notion that the whole may not be greater than the sum of its parts. The Faculty would lose an axiom, but the Harvard students would realize a considerable gain. Chapel for grace at dinner, or after the work of the day is over, would prove more attractive than a morning service. Another grade in chapel progress, if Harvard succeeds in getting the change.

The Seminary of Our Lady of Angels has resumed work. That's a point. Festivity findeth expression in sweet songs by the priests, sung for general edification from the balcony. The *Index* is not chatty. The gossip salutes it, and turns to recognize the *Occident*, our anti-fraternity friend from California. We cannot use the courteous phrase of Erin, "The top o' the morning to you," for the tail of the day is all it can expect. But still there's some life at Berkeley. Co-ed., you know. The poor, ill-used co-eds. seem to be the girls just at present; but a spunky Miss calculates, from the proportion of the sexes in the entering class, that in so many years the boys will fall off in numbers "till they become the co-eds. of the institution; and, then, vengeance! Let slip the dogs of retribution!"

## Exchanges.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

A busy and bustling Commencement season has conducted '82 into the "wide, wide world," and has introduced to us another class of "Freshmen green in college saws." So history announces, and, as the *Historical course* of events is uncertain, we make this mention with pleasure. The new faces are welcomed with the old, and, united, we address ourselves to another year of social work and improvement. The last week of the old year piled our table with scores of unread college journals, and it is from "out of the depths" of these that the Exchange editor raises his dusty quill and attempts to do justice to the college world in general. Of course Mr. Honeytongue, Jr., has informed his *new* friend about all "grinds," "fine points," and the meaning of that awful bugbear, "fresh honeyman."

And while we are on the subject of Freshmen, the following words from the *Record* are in place: "While we may justly say that hazing, properly so called, has disappeared from the college, we cannot help noticing the existence of a feeling on the part of Sophomores towards Freshmen, which manifests itself in a thousand acts of petty annoyance,—acts too small to receive attention from the Faculty, but which might easily be discouraged by upper classmen." This is sensible advice from the columns of a college journal, and colleges generally would do well to act on it. The editorials of the paper demand a word of praise, and constitute the chief and remarkable feature about this standard paper. The following is the way the poet of the *Record* addresses some "audacious maid," noted, together with himself, for that rare article known as "cheek:"

"AD IMPUDENTISSIMAM."

"Audacious maid, when thee I meet  
I fain would offer praise,  
Compare thy dancing eyes of blue  
To lakes in summer days;  
Or else invent some golden name  
For the glory of thy hair,  
Likened thy lips to an opening rose,  
Thy throat to a lily fair.  
Yet more poetic I'd become  
If I, alas! might speak;  
But thought and speech both fail me  
In wonder at thy cheek."

The first act of the "Historic Trilogy" has not as much humor and drollery in it as, perhaps, "Zero" thought it had when writing it. The close has a comical turn in it, however, when Aryan thus addresses Ariana: "*Gibt es nicht qualche chose else that êyô possim duan por voi?*"

The letter addressed to the "incoming" class contains some good hits, and at this time of year it reads with a sparkling briskness suited to such a production. The notes "On the Campus" are interesting, no doubt, to the majority of the readers, and add greatly to the popularity of a college paper among students.

With commendable promptness the *Occident* sends out the first number of the college year, and we are pleased to greet it in its new and beaming exterior suited to its name. Should the interior make-up be as racy as the outside is brilliant, we promise it a hearty welcome throughout the year. The serial on "Loco" we think a failure, and out of place in a paper that proposes to be a popular college journal. These stories are apt to become funeral when drawn out to a chaptered length. None of the best college periodicals attempt to furnish light reading found so much superior in the leading magazines.

Fraternity affairs seem mightily to move our worthy anti-fraternity editor of the *Occident*. Although he upholds his side strongly, there can be little hope for his cause until he reforms "Leszynsky." The *Record* has given Mr. L. and the *Occident* in general a "grand racket." The "Vacation Personals" should have "kept it dark," if Mr. L. did spend part of his vacation "in bumming and seeking advertisements for the *Occident*."

The *University Magazine*, in the number before us, furnishes us with a full account of the various races in which the U. of P. rowed other colleges. In an editorial, the conduct of Columbia is very strongly condemned, that she sent no crew either to the Schuylkill or Lake George. The complaint thus expressed seems to be justly merited, and the *University* shows that it was a straight "crawl" on the part of the Columbia crew that they did not show up at either of the races.

However, the Cricket Club of the U. of P. had the satisfaction of defeating Columbia by a large score. This number also contains the proceedings of Commencement and Class Day. Altogether, we are pleased with the paper as it starts out upon its eighth volume.

After a separation of two months from college papers, it was with a very home-like feeling that we viewed our old friend, the *Niagara Index*, and we almost felt like saying, "Hello! old pard, how are the angels of our lady's seminary?"—pardon us—we intended to inquire about the "Seminary of our Lady of Angels." The article on "What to Say" was evidently written by one who hadn't anything to say, but felt called on to bore those that might be foolish enough to wade through

his two columns. The *Index*, no doubt, is trying to discover some recipe for "Ideal Christian Music." The sixth article on the subject is before us, and still it drags its slow length along in the conventional phrase which is affixed to the "Stick-in-the-mud Series,"—*To be continued*. Some zealous contributor attempts to set America right by a long attempt on "American Morality." We think it would be fatal to morality were the average American compelled to read his article. We come to an exceptionally fresh part of the *Index* in the lines, "School Keeps!" And here the insane poetaster warbles about the "school marm" greeting every one with a "welcome, my love," or "my dear!" What a sweet, taffy-pulling prep. *school* there must be at the Suspension Bridge.

"THE SOPHOMORE."

*A La Troubadour.*

"So the Freshmen aped and bored him,  
And the maidens all adored him,  
Dancing in the mystic moonlight in their gay  
æsthetic moods,

While he sang the merry *rondeau*,  
Still a-thrumming on his banjo,  
As he poised himself artistic in his graceful  
attitudes.

"Thus a-humming and a-thrumming,  
And a-wooling and a-cooing,  
Dealing dainties by the dozen and his lagers  
by the score,

While the glamor of his manner  
Vouched his elegance of grammar—  
Ah, so festive, gay and happy was the merry  
Sophomore."